

Incinerate

Tragic Black

Rotting in apathy with vacant bliss.
Decaying comfortably in total ignorance.
Maladies will follow in synchronicity,
but each step is leading to the next calamity.
So empty and hollow you begin to fade away.
Becoming invisible as you dissipate.
In a dying memory you stray from to day.
To illude from destiny.
To indulge in dissarray.

You break hearts. You tie knots.
You form plots. Your blood clots.
You live fast. You die young.
You live like a loaded gun.
You break walls. You change fate.
You burn out. Incinerate.

Melting on the surface burning on the floor.
Shattering and breaking.
Burning down some more.
The path to the end is opening inside.
Through the deepest purple into the light.
Seeded in the Earth centered with the core.
Sliding so deep inside opening the doors.
Can you see the inside?
Focus your sight.
Will the phoenix re-emerge?
Will your fire start tonight?